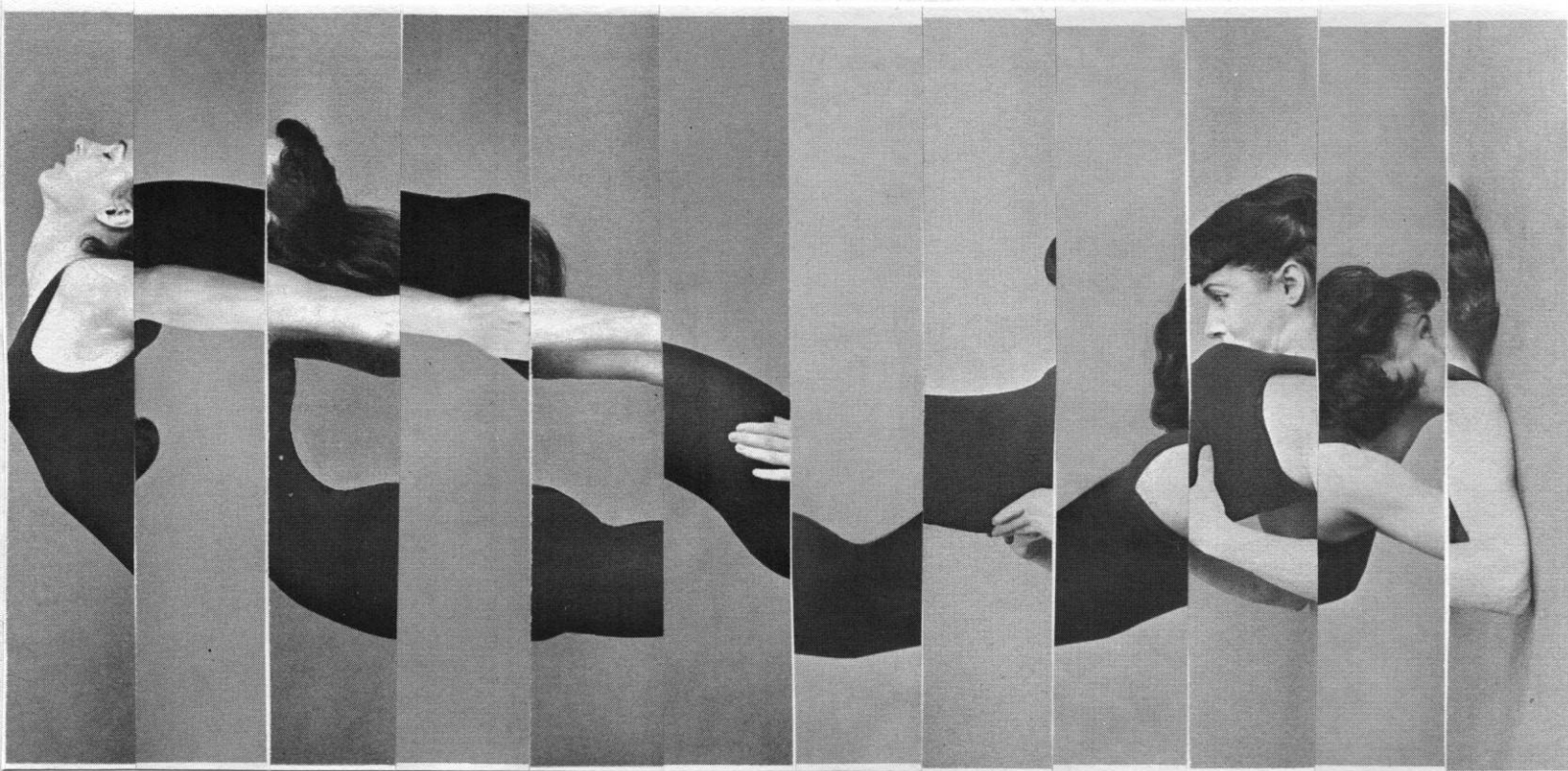


FEAR



LESS

FEARLESS

72

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• this issue is dedicated to Diane diPrima (1934-2020)

BOOK REVIEW:

THE BLACK & WHITE ALBUM by J.C. Hawkes

Hawkes is both romantic and visionary. He has formulated his own outlook on the worlds both seen and unseen. He holds beliefs but they do not dampen his need for further exploration/validation. The reader is a guest on his poetic journeys in search of meaning.

The pieces here range from lengthy, elliptical prose to brief, concise poems yet they all are concerned with the quest for spiritual affirmation. What makes the book work is Hawke's unique voice and the fluidity which grounds the abstract imagery within a very felt humanity.

The book opens with "And The Elephant Which Flew Past Our Open Window, an immediate introduction into the concerns of the poet. These intermingle frequently as Hawkes tackles the vast effects of Covid, alienation, fatherhood and ruined relationships upon his present psyche. A dream-like quality often pervades and enhances the personal reveries and reflections he shares, drawing the reader in. I urge readers to become familiar with Hawke's word-alchemy. It may open portals you never realized existed within and outside of yourself.

Kevin M. Hibshman 10/27/20



Zen Mind Gone

Your Zen mind
has taken a powder.

It's off somewhere
in the void
and does not miss you.

Your Zen mind
is the sound
of one hand
giving you the finger
in perfect silence.

It is the fragrance of blue
the rhythm of stone.

Your Zen mind may return
but don't bet the bathtub.

It is the thunderclap
hidden beneath the doormat
so the forgetful universe
can get inside.

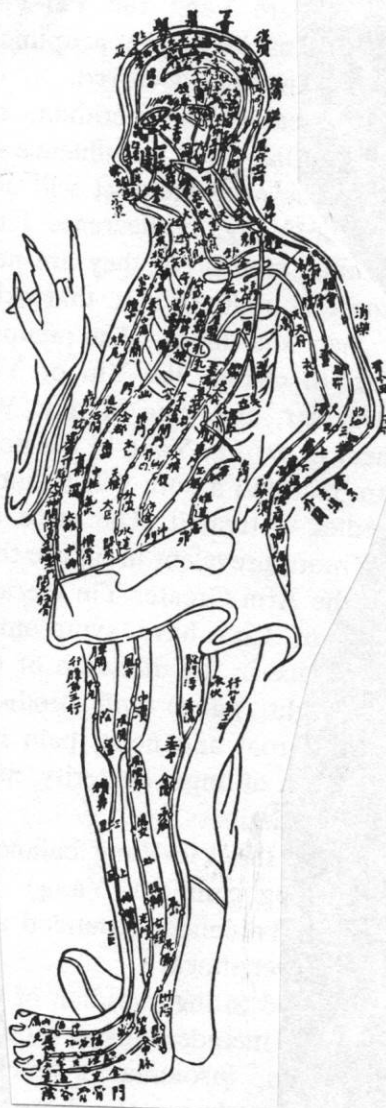
It needs nothing but infinity
and you have none to spare.

Your Zen mind is off
being a holy tramp
not even waving
goodbye

but say goodbye anyway
if you like.

Nothing matters to
your Zen mind.

That prick.



Another

Rain

Haunting

November

The One Time I Was Woeful

poetry by jeff weddle

It Happens

Sometimes it happens
that you meet a candle

the impossible kind
that lights up a downpour

or burns brightest
in a convertible
top down at 90
on an empty highway
cutting night
to the bone.

Sometimes
but not very often
you meet a witch
who really can fly
and doesn't need potions
to make you love her
but has them ready
just in case.

Sometimes you meet a woman
who will play chess naked
like it's the most natural thing
in the world

and beat you
with her intelligence
even as you try not to stare.

Sometimes you wait
for lifetimes
before she appears

maybe in a white cotton dress
or adorned in rubies and silver

electric as your fettered imaginings
mythic as the young Earth
or outlandish dreams
of flesh.

formidable rage

the weapon

he carries

somehow glows

in the midst

of destruction,

the skin

of all the planets

having rushed

their fates into him,

his virility impressed

within ancient-long galaxies

meant to enflame

armies of anger-in-armor,

rearranging the landscape

of savagery in truth,

his axe, ever wielding,

blending, seamlessly,

with thunderbolts

that part the skies

in a metal-madness demise,

pushing fervently

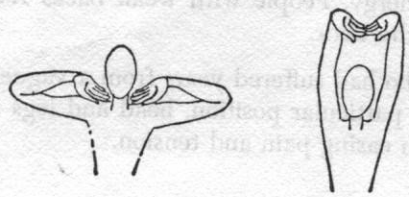
into the core of my darkness,

until i become molten

for the strokes of his fire and wrath

when he, explosively, wages his war upon me.

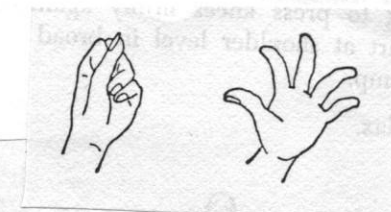
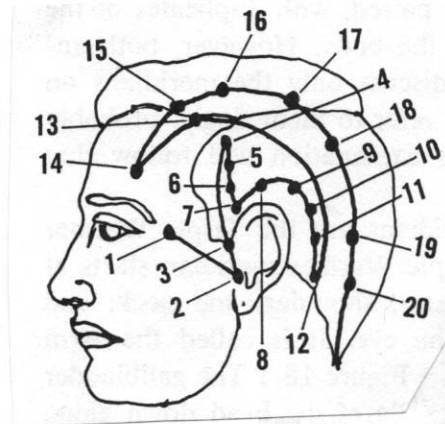
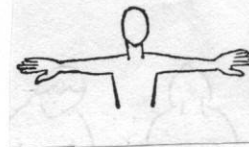
- eliana vannessa



my sleep deprived morning poem

tiring, my mind
adjusts to night. a yawn
& then an elongated blink. please
surrender your eyes
sleep said, unearthing
a perimeter — his propaganda
to inhabit nightmares
& nonconsensual
terror, wrapped
as a gift & laid
on the doorstep
of my mouth.
but i know better.
i first drink the blood
of the holy man
& retreat
into the pages
of his prayer,
maybe a spell.
sometimes
these things
begin to blur
& chanting
becomes a song,
becomes
the beginning
of a pursuit.

john compton



ANIMA MUNDI

To awaken
Somewhere

Home

Yet far
Away

Where
Our thoughts
Minds fill the
Void, the stream
Of consciousness

Where
All things
Living &
Spiritual are
Connected

More than
Merely a
Dream or
An illusion

For we
Are the
Earth, the
Dirt beneath
The animals
And the heart

The soul &
The universe
And the within

Without

All gods
All men
All galaxies &
The cosmos

The message
And the receiver

Eternal

• R.M. Engelhardt

Losing It

Master the sound in your ears.
Distort the many things you hear.
What you lose is lost.

Tomorrow is a new day.
Spend each hour wasting it.
What is losing time?

Wake up, then go to sleep.
Go to places in your dreams.
None of these dreams are real.

I spend my time losing it.
Nothing lasts forever.
Is that so hard to understand?

- luis cuauhtemoc
berriozabal

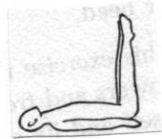
bored

bored & tired,
out of sorts
w/the world,
lost in my own
hallucinations
about right & wrong.



a friend calls & invites me over.
we kiss like we're lovers,
but i know that we're not.

we get high because it's easy,
lazy our new mantra.
we've nowhere to go,
on Sunday afternoon.



my mind drifts
as i lay under his weight.



maybe i should go outside
dance naked in the sun,
go to a movie, or a diner,
or take a flight overseas.

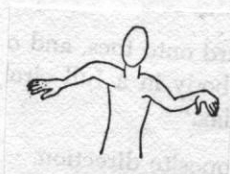
maybe i should go back to the desert,
hike through tall canyons.
sit in a bookstore or read poetry aloud.

maybe buy a pizza,
or finish the laundry,
get a haircut, or
collect my dry cleaning.

i close my eyes
and pretend to enjoy him
but i need to start over.

i need to find something
that is better than this.

- jack henry



spun

i never sucked the edge
of a pipe or slammed a spike
into a fat willing vein, but i've
watched and i've wondered,
as i did my own thing.

we buy cheap dope
from white trash dealers
cooks in the desert,
bikers provide the ride.

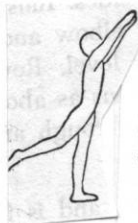
i take my rocks,
crush them to snowflakes,
hide in a bathroom stall
in the middle of the day.

each line is perfect,
my delicate obsession,
inhale through a rolled dollar
from the back of a textbook.

they said i'd never be nothing,
nothing more than sorrow,
i fly past their gravestones,
spun in my own way.

if Jesus is watching
i know he is frowning,
but life is highway
if you have the will to survive.

- jack henry



Stay Away

I stay away from the house
while time withers away.
I spend time under clouds
and listen to birds sing.

Autumn is upon us as
the singing bird glides in
the sky, not wingless at
all, and without fear.

I have forgotten to
live without fear. The house
is waiting for me to
return. I am asleep
with snow in my dreams and
this fear that falls on me.

- luis cuauhtemoc
berriozabal

Ghost World Bus

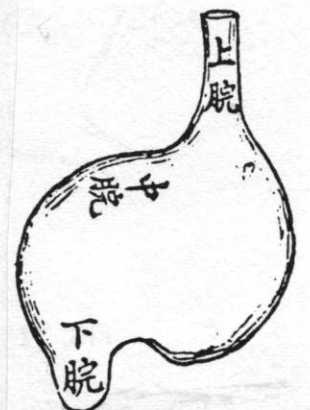
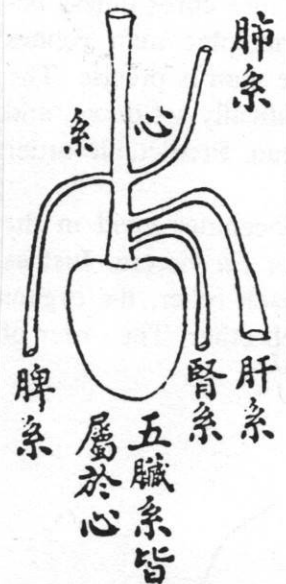
I'm waiting for that bus
from Ghost World.
I have been here awhile
just listening
to the birds and car engines.

It's getting really warm and
it's running late.
I'm waiting for the Ghost World
bus to take me
home or somewhere friendly.

My hair is turning gray just
waiting here. Hell,
it's been gray for as long as
I can remember.
The Ghost World bus is here.

- luis cuauhtemoc
berriozabal

腕肺



shape-shifting discipline

i was born of Spanish moss,
mother's heart, cross-bound,
to the war of poetry that is my father,
nature abiding, in quiet defense,

our heritage consisted
of devouring and giving thanks
in the heart of a park
beholden to Fountainebleau,

where, through my youth,
i trailed bayous on sacred days,
collecting cottonmouths, twisted,
in fits, at my bare feet,

the garlands
of demonic souls, rearranged,
for suitors-in-dreams
meant to test my innocence;

there, under the holiness of oaks,
whose hollows, like noses,
sniffed out the devils
with each French kiss,

the passage
of womanhood

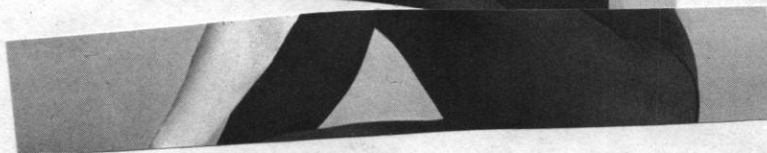
transcending bliss
in glimpses of curses per minute,

my elders repeatedly
shaking their fingers and heads,
tenaciously working
to redirect my salty lips

towards the fire of ancestral lore,
where it is Vodou-understood,
that the crow, or the alligator,
utter the last word--

the guttural lessons
not so easily retracted from the jaws of mercy
as i am silently indebted to daily write
all the beasts of wrong.

— eliana
vannessa



FIGHT

**GLITTER
REMOVAL**

**Pretty
Every Day**

Resurrected

Marionette

boring

I'm so bored with you
she said
so I killed her.
but she rose again and
stuffed my blanket in my mouth.

wanted to
practice telekinesis
throw you in the ocean
teach you to swim
after the sharks played with you a little
legs grow back, you know
thank god for technology.

we saw them all, dancing under a bridge
beside a river, through a highway
we knew all their faces
were elated, free
falling a million miles frozen in place
we jumped cosmos and drove too fast
(single light shining just outta reach, reflected on moonbeam teeth)
your smile was my smile and we were the Cheshire
the moon and the heart and the rhythm of sway
then a crashing halt, broken glass
and me still laughing.

I grow thin here
(you don't care but I'll tell you anyway)
skeleton daughter of tired machines
looming construction
blade of aluminum grass
I think I will drown you in boredom, as is my wont.

when the glass shattered we saw the sky
closer to that light than ever before
jumping off the seats escaping fire, into stars
you, me, and that thing we shared
that little thing, so boring,
you crumple and throw aside.

the world made of paper
you in that ocean



me left with my hands
I came here deliberately
to grow a world out of boredom
to cut life-forms from dream.

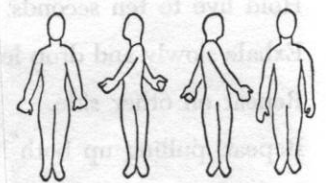
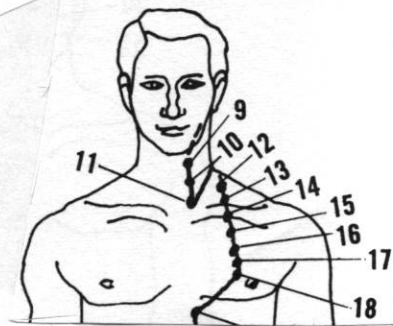
the insects scatter as I approach
they know what is coming.

why do you speak in ridiculous riddles?
she asks me, yawning.
you remember when we were the same?
then I was never bored
she picks up her mirror and
prepares for the show.

I don't even believe in the ocean
I say
we were in it once and you looked right through me
didn't notice the waves
spoke with invertebrates
but not with me.

you're so pretty honey, but so boring
(she touches my hair, my spine curls in)
now cross that river
and get me another drink.

tanya rakh





too busy being broken

too busy being broken
and the wings dissolve to
ash again
chains around my ankles,
an equator



swimming dust against
dry current, long
rivers of time
snaking out of sight,
strange and dreaming



too busy being broken
and you left me here
in silence



too busy being broken
and the crackling,
ancient rain



ossuaries of trees
echo and moonlight
only everything that's ours
an endless river, waiting

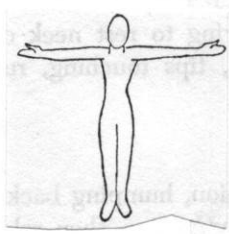


- tanya rakh

Ted Berrigan in the Age of Covid-19

he would've stolen
your face mask
to pay his rent
& sang to the birds
just out of reach.

John Dorsey



ripe

until you come and find me
I will sink in to the earth
the jackals
the calm

you know me by sweat now
a haze behind your moon eyes
we ripen here in strawberry
cut our grateful lips on nectar

the earth
the jackals
the calm

come and find me
I will ache inside your magic
bleed it out in flood and sky

- tanya rakh

How to Measure Success *for albert huffstickler*

a cute british girl
reading one of your poems
on the internet
nearly 20 years after your death

like a single rose
taped to a lamppost
by a woman
who once loved you
like the north texas wind.

John Dorsey

Old souls
Awakened
Tonight

Time

Measured
In cigarettes, wine
& memories, old
Songs &
Ceremony

There are

Too many dead
Now, the dirge
Continues

All words
And beauty
Cast into
The endless
Violent void

Some

Still celebrate
Chaos

Others
The moments
Of peace

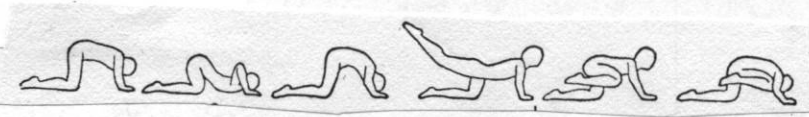
Voices
From the
Ether

Sanctum
Santori

So mote
It be

We all
Eventually
Shall meet
Thy maker
Meet our
Own God

In the
End



R.M. Engelhardt

Ambidextrous

Our use of
silence.

Drains the upper
half
of forced beauty.

We become aware of
shared shadows...

Darkening
fear—of
impending

oblivion.

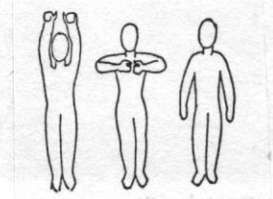
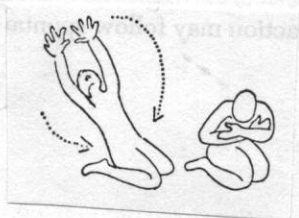
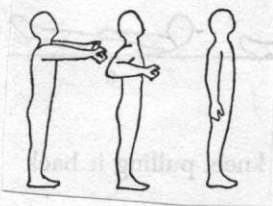
Boisterous/meek need
not apply.



Detachment

So, what happened to you?
Always the question
for those who think
you're crazy...

Some days are just filled
with limited space.



Brunch, Real Estate & the Bible

Hold the abyss
for a while...

Huh, God??

The meatloaf
just burnt and the
television said its last words...



Father Sam finished
a sermon an hour
ago—but everybody
blocked their ears...

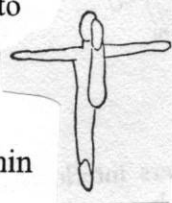
Your kid just left
Sunday school and
is headed to his first
blind orgy.



Was the new testament always
littered with pornography?

Sunday hopes falling into
Devil's lairs?

So easy to fail—die
a thousand deaths...within
the creaky house...



Where the cat, the wife
and the mistress all
want new deals

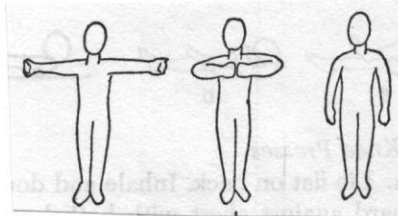
on real estate.
So, hold the ending Lord...

My devotions are slow on
the uptake today...

Had to finish brunch before
the profits closed in...

And they took me
as just another

fool...



Sadness at the Subaru Dealership

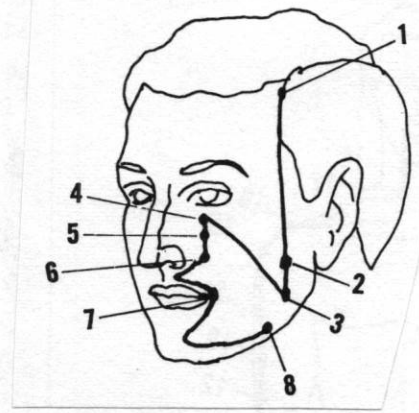
The elderly love
visiting car dealerships...

It gives them a chance to
talk about the "old times"
with a smiley faced heathen
across the table.

Tales of fishing at Derby
River, visiting grandkids in
Albany...

The commission machine
sits across the table, smiling his toothy grin...
Nodding his head with every story.

Never betraying what he
really thinks...



poetry by
dan provost



My Bridal Meat Doll

My Bridal Meat Doll is suitable for framing
in a dirty bedroom from the past.

My Bridal Meat Doll will spit slimy ham
in your face, then beg you to peel the fat
off her pastrami.

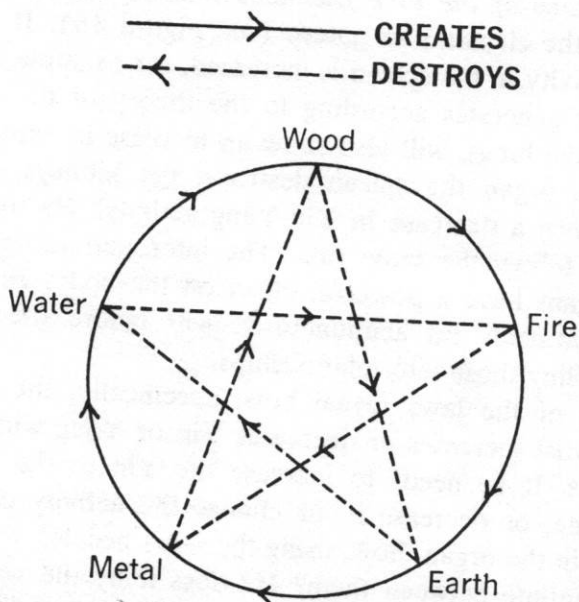
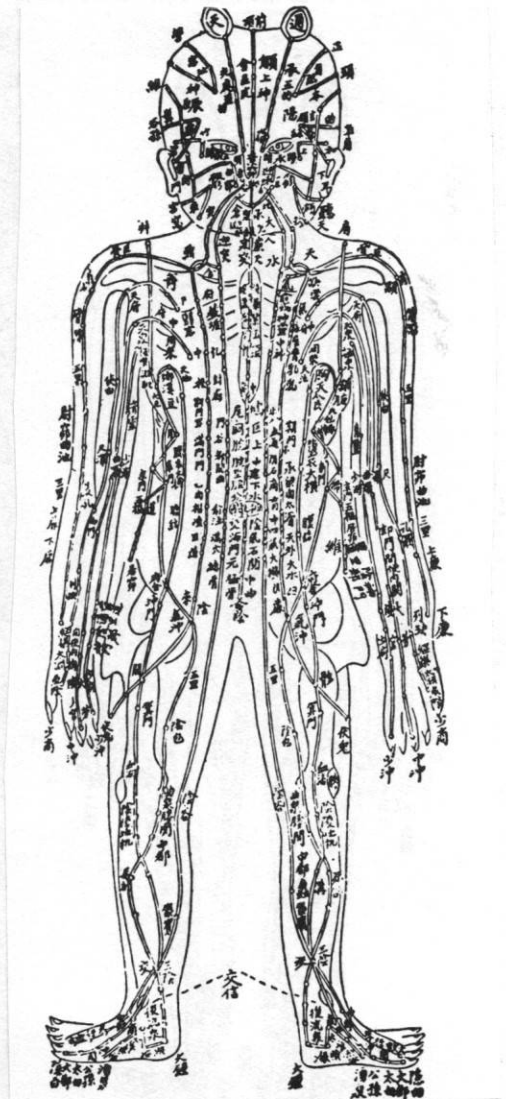
My Bridal Meat Doll and your Bridal Meat Doll
were sitting by the raging fire.
My Bridal Meat Doll told your Bridal Meat Doll
I'm gonna set your meat on fire.

The Bridal Meat Dolls competed, then lost
their gag reflexes, collapsed,
throats burst into red flames.

One of my Bridal Meat Dolls eyes rolled
out of her burnt out head and now it hides
in my underwear drawer.
I wouldn't stick my finger in there if I were you.

"This poem was partly inspired by "The Signs as Questionable Vintage Foods" from @dailyvintagefoods and @biased.astrology.memes

- juliet cook



Cowboy

What I don't like about cowboy poems
is not so much the cowboys
or even the horses they rode in on,
but rather modern man still playing at
ancient outlaw,
the wild West was a long time ago;
hardly anyone robs banks anymore,
the technology is too good
so that the banks do all the robbing
and anyone who is stupid enough to try
goes straight to the Kingston Pen
where they can catch a straight ten
to twelve getting all the Louis L'Armour
they want from the prison library.

- ryan quinn flanagan

A MOUTH OPENING EXPERIENCE

Mixed Nuts

There was a 6'2 Jesus freak
on a mission to convert everyone
in the name of her god

and the obsessive compulsives
who walked at least 15 miles a day,
pacing the halls in shoes that kept falling
apart

and the germaphobes
that could only be lured out
of their rooms by hunger,

then there were the your paranoids
who would cover their mouths when talking
and lodge complaints against the various staff
that were conspiring against them

and the runners who had their smoke privileges
taken away because they always tried to escape

or the mother hens that formed unhealthy relationships
with all the younger girls in their ward rooms

or that laxative lady who would cry
each time she had to use the bathroom
because she thought she was dying

and then
there were the depressives
like me
who refused to shower
or get out of bed
or talk to anybody

while the cutter in the next bed over
always asked to shave
so he could get his hands on a razor
never intended for his face.

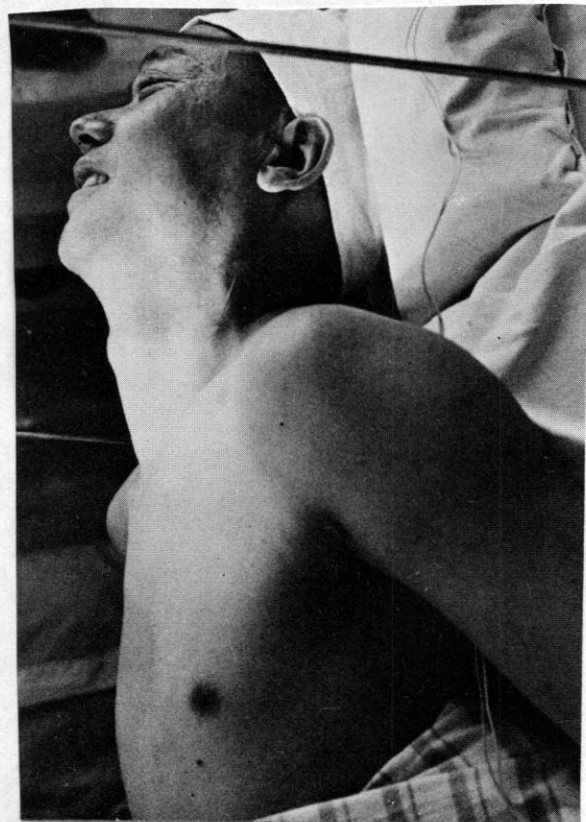


- ryan quinn
flanagan



The hours slow by quietly
Body aches from a lifetime of
Self abuse packed into 17 years
Yet still going
Still not dimming
Or decaying as fast as it should
Its amazing to me,
Just how much this
115 pound body can take
Even now that im almost 49
Yet the body is only as strong
As its spirit
And so I claim
Immortality as my shroud
As I seek the betterment of days
& the sweet milk of muses

- merritt
waldon



My Portuguese Drinking Buddy Back in the City

My Portuguese
drinking buddy back in the city
had to teach himself the language
which meant that he never got any of the jokes
or popular sayings

and that I had to explain everything
to him

and this one was an angry drunk
when I was not,
so that he'd puff out his little chest
and suggest we head up to the
strip club to look for a fight

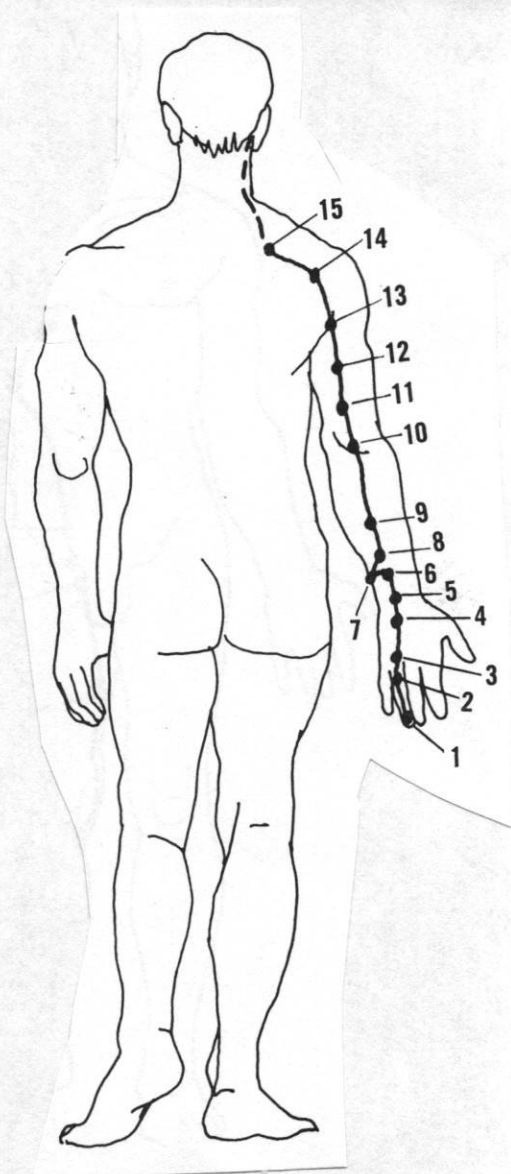
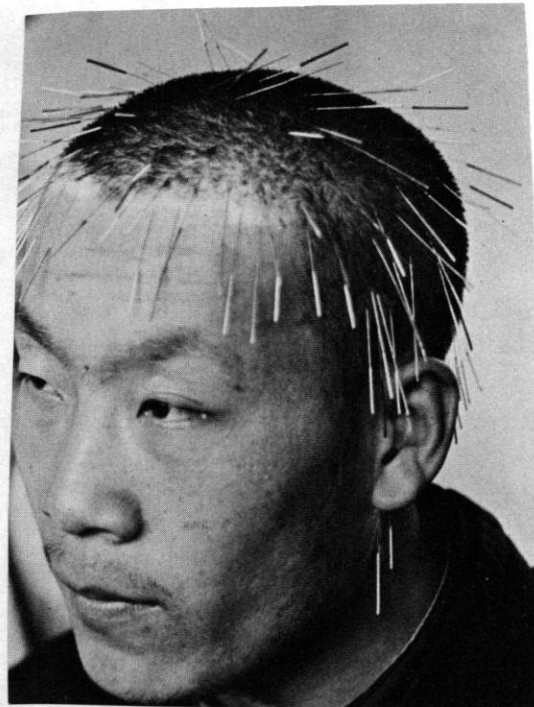
even though I knew
he couldn't fight worth a damn
and that I would be left doing
all the fighting

when all I really wanted to do
was hit his giant bong
again

and zone out to good tunes
on that black futon couch in the basement
of that place along Penhurst Avenue
that partially flooded
each spring

with that squirrely weed dealer
just upstairs
and his domineering girlfriend
who thought everyone
was a narc.

- ryan quinn flanagan



Rushing toward the purity of impermanance__8/25/2020

Still green summer trees
Their long appendages
Swaying in the soft breeze

Watching through glass
In the isolation of a humid
Room

This strange fire
Stoked by tremoring fingers
& ambrosial tongue

Grandchildren commit
To the chaos of their modern
Laminated you tube innocence

The wild energy like bass
Through out the house
I smile

Looking in to the crystalline eyes
The deep impenetrable mysteries
That can never dissipate

The starlings flutter over front yard
Singing the crackling song

Vying over the simplicity of freedom
& the complications we all throw in
Like we're gambling with blood
& spirit instead of currency



My mind burns with the residual
Embers of napalm ghosts
Watching the world burn itself
With the ignorance of egos

Like trees in winter
Dormant & covered in
Slight shroud of dour energy

I awaken from the trance, now remembering
The cigarette between my fingers

The unconquerable mystery
Of breath
And spirit blue flame
Of my mind consumes me



This country seethes
& gnashes itself over
Inalienable rights & eternity
Vying over history



The breeze slows, dog lazily
Slumbers in front of a box fan

These hot summer days
Remind me of the defoliated
Spirit of war



A flickering light
An illuminated river
Rushing towards
The purity of impermanence

- merritt waldon

The Happy Meal Isn't So Happy

It's a lie I can no longer conceal.
I have known that said meal for many a year.

It's often miserable, it has a chronic drinking problem and hates children who are always expecting a toy.

It told me one time, it recommended handing a live rattlesnake or a really undersized bear trap.
Maybe even a glory hole on the side.

"Shit, that's so fucking messed up dude!"

"That's messed up? You're the idiot talking to a box you fruitcake !
And why the fuck are you ordering a kids meal when your a grown man with no children you freak!"

The talking box had a point, but I was too busy playing with the toy car to care.
As far as it's namesake it was truly false advertising in my opinion.

- john patrick robbins



Picture

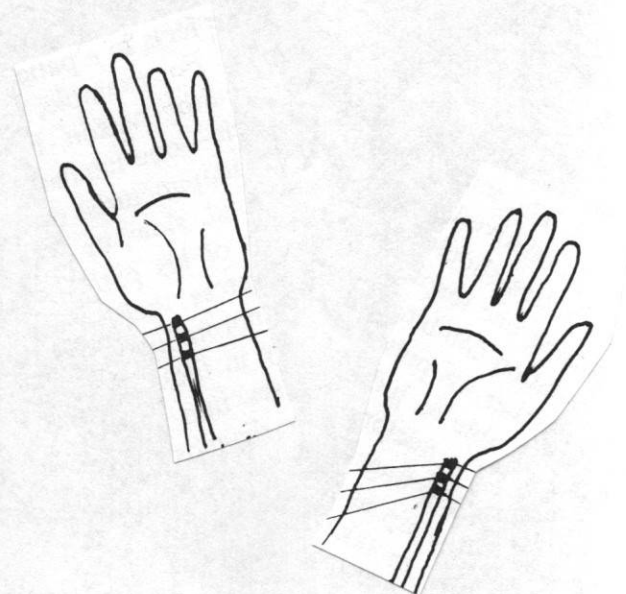
Plush

Garage Apartment

with Scents

Honoring

Extreme States of Mind



Dogs Walk Themselves When You're Dead

Today Rover realized the last man on earth died.

He howled for a while, then realized nobody would stop him from screwing the bitch in heat next door.

He killed what he wanted and shit where he pleased .

He joined a pack, they formed a union.

The wolves stayed in the woods so everyone left them the fuck alone.

Bigfoot never existed to begin with, so nobody ever bothered to inform him he wasn't real.

The bitches gave birth, the weak died the strong survived .

And a strange primal happiness was shared amongst them all.

They missed humans to laugh at, so they learned to mimic the old owner's voices.

The parrots taught them the finer points of english for a large sum of crackers .

All was well in the universe and no one worried over alien abduction or taking offense in what the other canines said.

Animals make more sense then this write and even more sense than any politician in the parallel universe in which you read this very Zine.

The animals are laughing at you now as an asteroid is headed to crash into the earth as it can be in the sky this very second .

Did you look up ?

Oh so you're one of them.

Please enjoy your time as pointless as possible until the end.

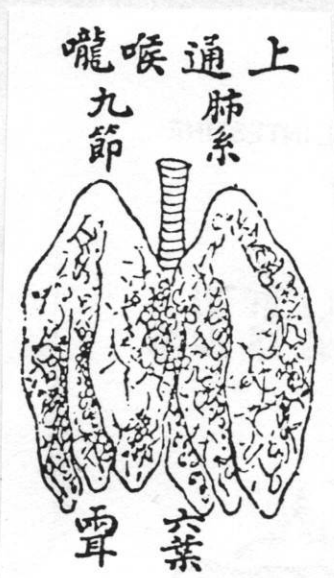
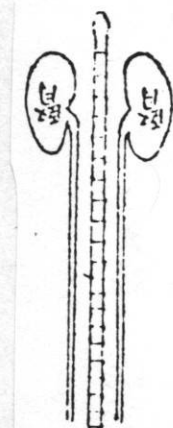
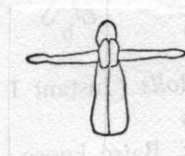
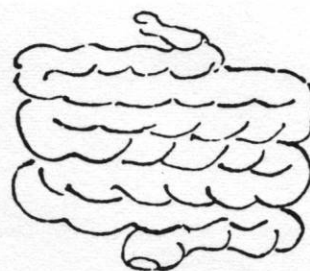
The dog will walk itself .

Need proof?

Just open the door and watch him go.

Science fact, beats fiction any day of the week.

- john patrick robbins



ADULTING

Prison for Mom

The DoorBell Rang Me

I WASN'T
CONCERNED
FOR MY
SAFETY. I GAVE
MYSELF OVER'

'It amazes me he
wasn't locked up
years ago. He seems
to be fascinated
with hell'

Just to say it really misses me since I got evicted and now live in a tent.
I was touched but warned it to be cautious.

The new resident's owner may get jealous.
And I don't want folks to gossip about it.
It wasn't much to look at, but it was always home to me.

- john patrick robbins

Slightly up river from Madison, crooked eternal willows
Grew there, just half mile from where I grew up
State road 56 becoming who I was; its language
My own; the river dreams of someone who maybe was never
Meant to live, yet became; signpost of histories scrimmage
With the dead; where my mojo at
Dreamer dreaming of the forgiveness of aeons
That can never come
Til we can travel at the speed of light

- merritt waldon

they lined you up without a face

the snow slams into the window.
the world bleeds albino
& her pink eyes curl like violets.
the gray clouds bloat
like the calf in the carcass's uterus.
the cold admires the stillness.

- john compton



known

with your pretty eyes

hills
i tumble
down

i repose
on the green iris
coast

*

you look from underneath me
as my inverted god

you blink

& i am washed aside

- john compton

the lonely self & masturbation

i take pride in the workings
of my hand: a mechanic
undressing the body of a car.
i'm with my garments.
you'll continue doing nothing
so i take joy on myself.

a celebration, filthy & beautiful
as peeling an orange.

- john compton

Stop Calling Everyone the Antichrist!

Or at least
the ones you don't like.

There is a very clear plan of action.

If you are to believe the
biblical heavies.

The Dome of the Rock must be torn down
and the Temple of Solomon
rebuilt on the original
site.

The person who does this
then enters the temple
and declares it their own.

Anyone who doesn't do that
is not the devil.

The literature is rather clear.

Your next door neighbour who
constantly ignores the property line
is not the antichrist because
you dislike them.

Every president, demagogue,
dictator you may detest.

It is a waste of time to speculate.
The literature is three-step instructional
manual clear.

So your mechanic overcharges,
I don't know what to
tell you.

He's not the antichrist.
Just some asshole
with a wrench.

- ryan quinn flanagan

The Old Dog

Found

My Other Grandmother

Tangled

Surfside

Falling Asleep

In the Dunes

'I went through, like,
an existential crisis.'

night dissolver

in a warped mind
state, i cannot grapple reality.
the situation
becomes dissolved. night

unfolds. an executioner
resides at the guillotine:
ready for my decapitation.

his thick gloved hands
prepared to release the lever -
the blade - my head.

the numbness stiffens my body.
a tiny war unlocked.
my feet are weights too heavy for legs.

eye to eye, i am the old tree
about to be chopped down. nudged,
i hesitate. there is no backing down.
we both are here for a reason.

- john compton

we are the same

the streets are high
men & little great girls
lined like lamppost
through the concrete ward
& the windows are glassy
snake eyes that lash out
with distorted images.
we are placed bare
as a refugee waiting
like eggs to hatch
& the shell is thick &
hard to let go & sometimes
we synchronize struggles:
we are the same.

- john compton

'I just didn't grow up worrying
about keeping up with the Joneses or
what other people would think'

downtown

each footstep
explodes atop
hard concrete sidewalks.
the roar of a thousand feet
rips into my skull.
everyone moving
in different directions,
different places to go,
things to do.

i sit on a long wooden
bench, take sips from
a bottle hidden in
a brown paper bag.
no one looks or pauses.
places to go.

i am invisible.

two men shake hands,
an exchange is made.
a woman laughs about
nothing, then looks
around as if caught in a lie.
a couple kiss inconspicuously.
a homeless man holds up
a dirty cup and everyone

keeps walking.

he is invisible.

i clench a tattered \$5 dollar bill,
walk over and drop it in
his cup. sit down next to him.
he offers me a different cup,
we harass passersby until
the cops show up.

when poor meets blue,
you're not as invisible.

we disappear into
the echo of footsteps
exploding atop
of hard concrete sidewalks.

grindr fuck

high and bored in a Phoenix hotel room
i waste time trading lies with other pirates
on Grindr.com.

wind blows hot and hard, palm trees bend.
debris swirls through parking lots.
soccer moms take shelter at Starbucks.

he sends me pictures of his smile,
his chest, arms, legs and ass.
i send nothing.

a note flashes with his exact location.
Room 626, Marriott, Downtown.
i reply quickly,
Room 1221, six floors up.

he knocks at my door,
and so it begins. i note the ring on his finger,
he notes the tools of the trade
neatly gathered on the bed side table.

few words traded, we move from one
position to another, we writhe together,
moans spill across my tongue and past my lips.
his eyes roll back as he leaves a memory
seeping from my flesh.

there are no goodbyes, no promises, just a door closing.

in the lobby i see him, kissing a young woman,
i walk past him,
slowly,
our eyes linger briefly.

panic ripples across his skin,
but i say nothing.
as i smile to myself,
and walk into the light.

poetry by
jack henry



marriage

they sit
together
side by side
married
forever
maybe
just a guess
they don't
talk or
move
just stare ahead
past each other
down the
road
somewhere
else



she dreams
of something
better
different
more interesting
he dreams
of
a secretary
or admin
assistant or
some random
woman
maybe the UPS
driver
or an intern

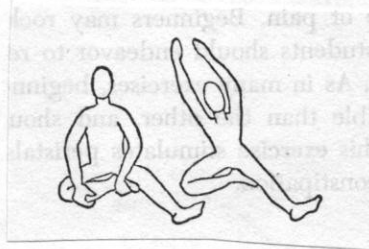
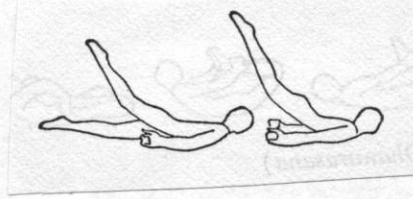
there are
not in
the same
place
as they sit
in a restaurant
at a resort
hotel
in florida
on a Monday
as the skies
alights with
fire
from the east –



(1)

Questions

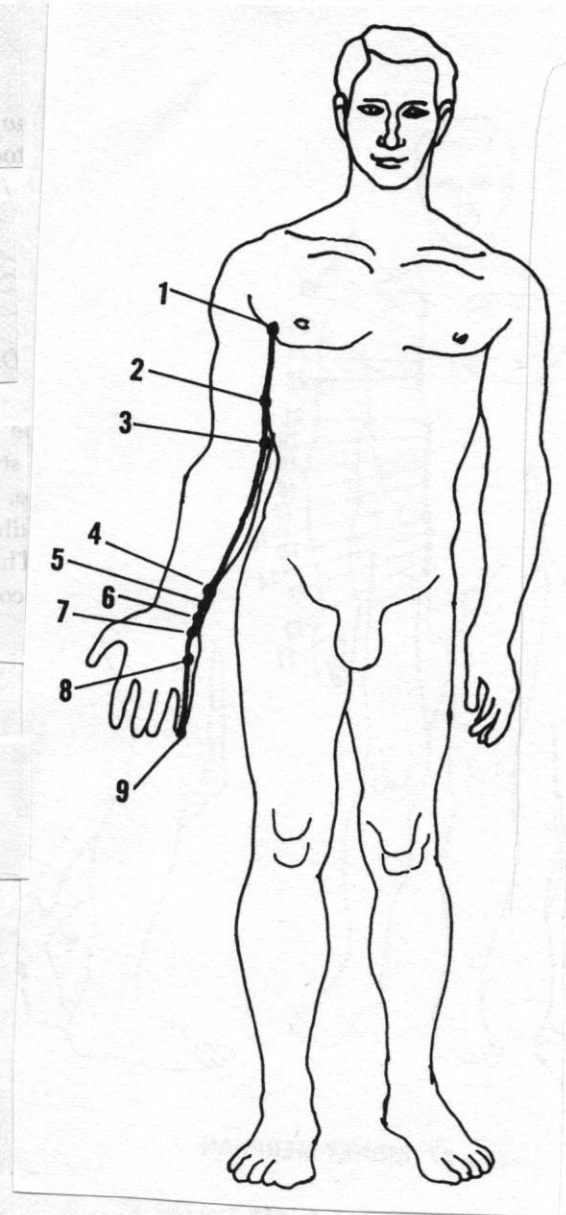
Start asking Why
and the Question
will defeat you
Stop asking Why
and you'll be
a hopeless spoilsport



(2)

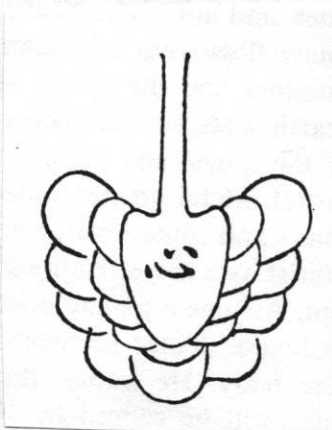
Crowds

I imagine them naked
like moths travelling to a fire
their wriggling mouths
talking about how young I was
when they last saw me
or the colour of my *anarkali*
that I had pulled out of a wormhole

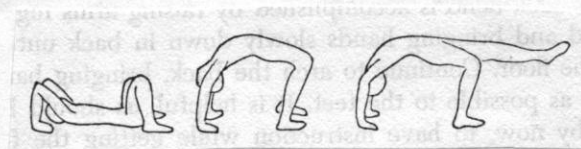
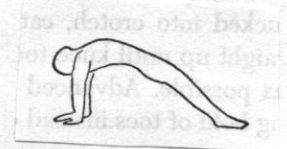
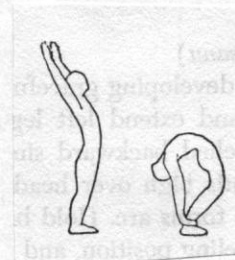


When the members work joyfully the head rises grandly and the duties of all the offices are fully discharged. When the head is intelligent the members are good, and all affairs will be happily performed.

—Emperor Shen Nung
(c. 2225 B.C.)



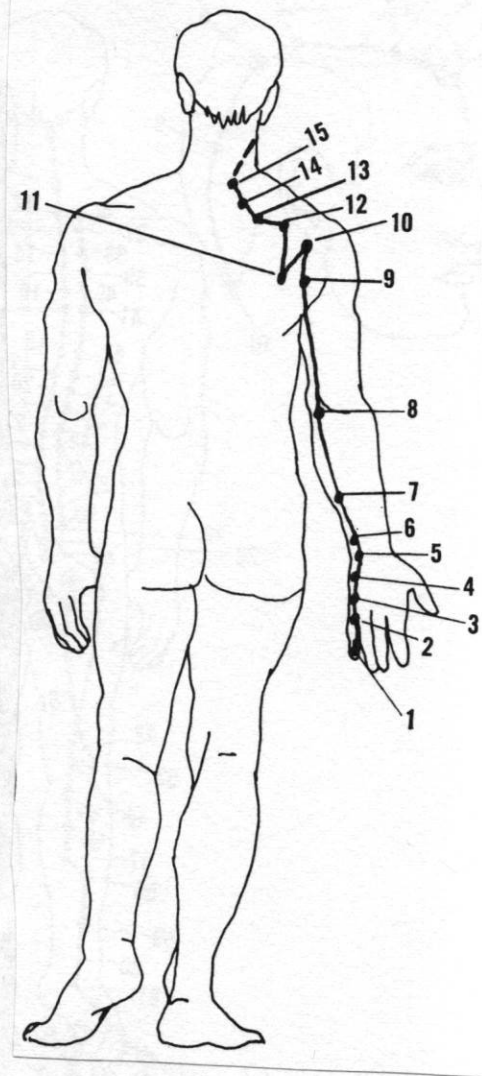
there is a wind that blows
into my cocoon of silence
I smile from the memory
of running coarse cotton wool
overkohled eyes



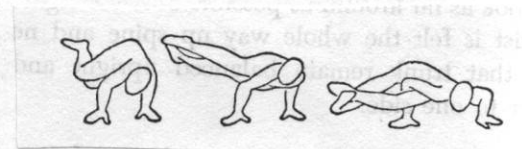
I ache for an ounce of flatness
 like faces pasted against windows
 my family yanks me away to meet
 an old white man, who sits
 with his head nodding at my face
 I wonder if my dupatta has drifted into his being
 if it was now knotted with his intestines
 if the jewellery I wore
 were tearing up his innards
 his lips quiver, his hands move
 I bend and my neck aches
 of a million histories

春

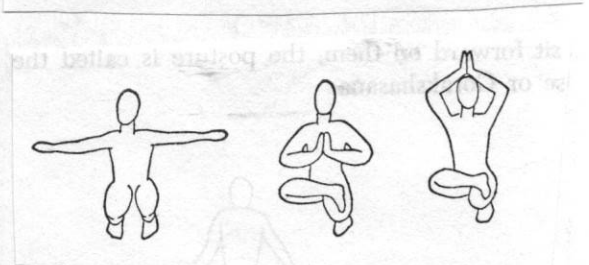
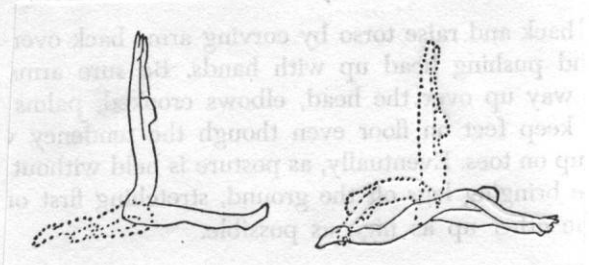
花



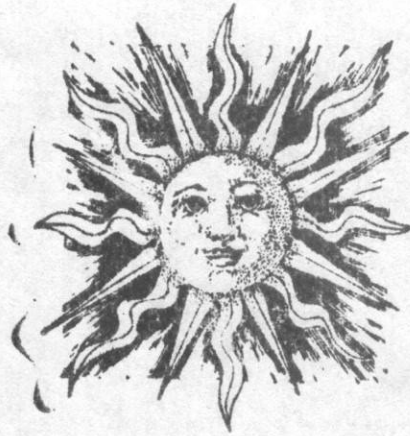
She was sitting alone
 when I took in her shaking hands
are you afraid? She took the muslin
 and let her hands touch the cleft of my lips
 nobody saw us speak



I imagine them naked
 as I shake off the sea water
 the specks of salt on my wounds
 their hands on my breasts
 their mouths trapping my gasps



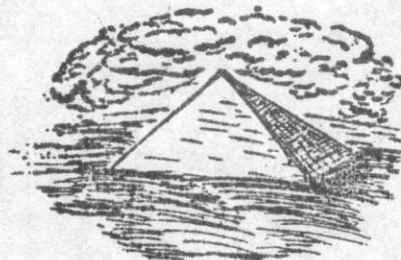
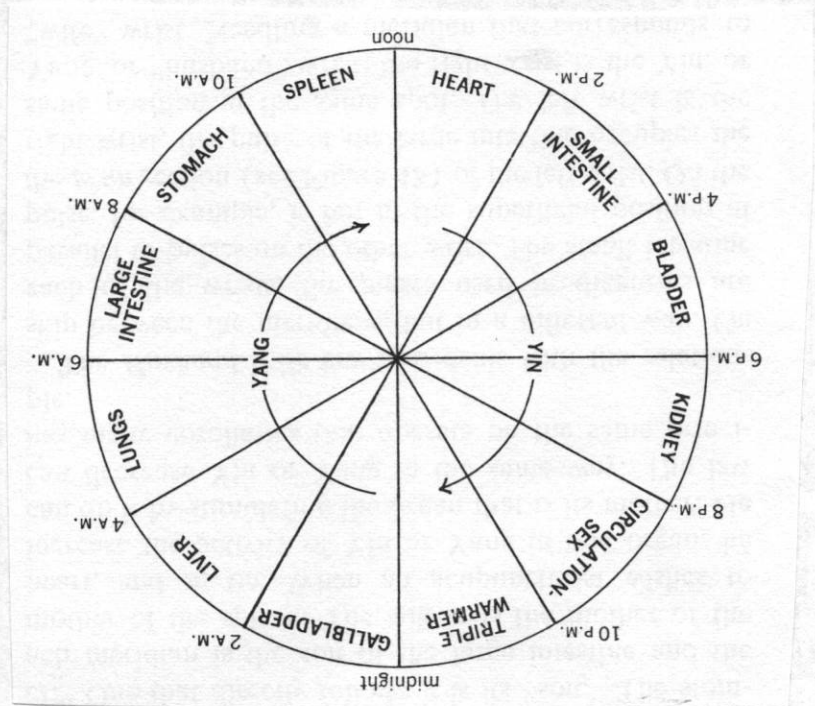
and slowly, they all oscillate
like a sea of bare monks
and every night they forget
their sharp earrings
on the skin of my soul



(3)

The Sailor and the Boatman

I crossed the river
with my little boat
and there he was
leaning against
a torn mast
rat ridden rum
bottles rolling
on the wood
a dead albatross
hung heavy
on his broad
handsome shoulders

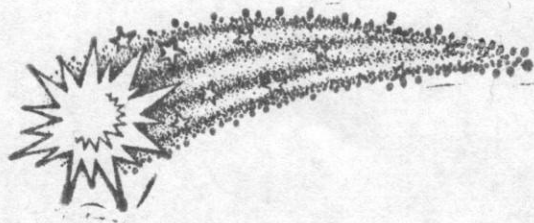
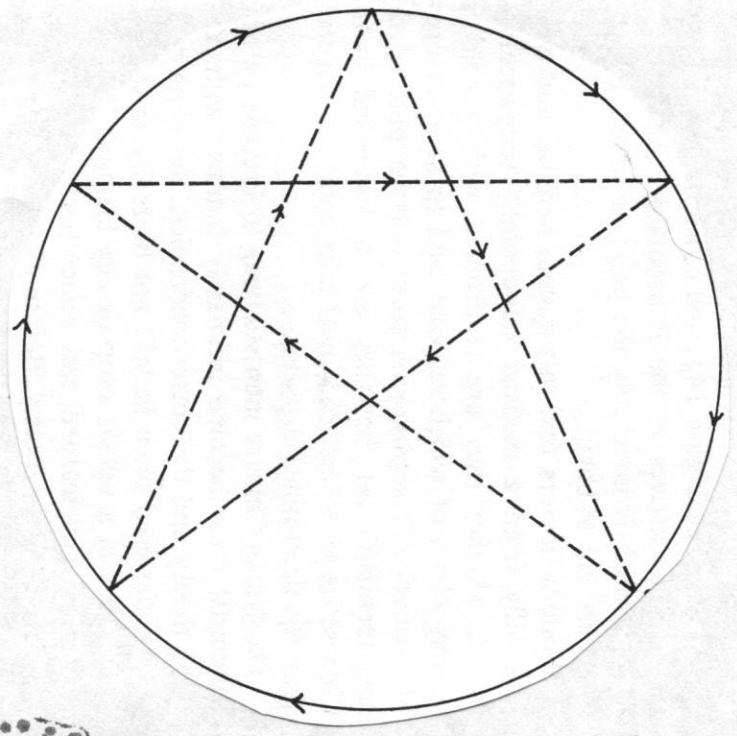


He raised a pair
of dead eyes
with the gathering

greys of storm
clouds, and hissed
at me like dry leaves
catching fire

"You've crossed
creeks and gullies
and washed your
cherub face in
mountain rapids
you've trampled
the paddy fields
delved into oceans
opened unwilling conch shells
for glorious pearls

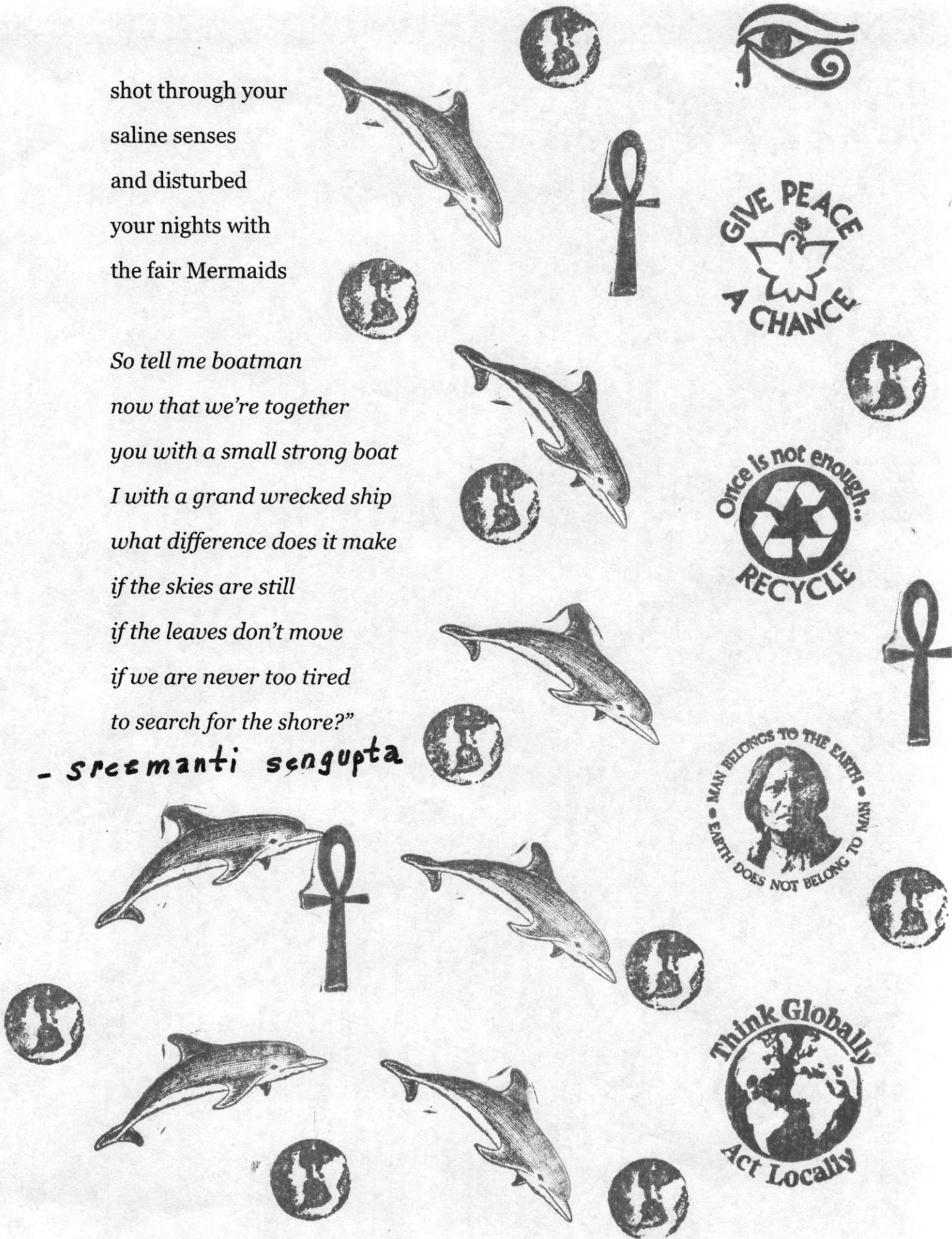
You've let yourself
wander into ruins
of shipwrecks
deep inside
you've sat there
and let your past
surround you like
a pack of wolves
until their neon eyes



shot through your
saline senses
and disturbed
your nights with
the fair Mermaids

*So tell me boatman
now that we're together
you with a small strong boat
I with a grand wrecked ship
what difference does it make
if the skies are still
if the leaves don't move
if we are never too tired
to search for the shore?"*

- sree manti sengupta



STICKY
ICKY
YUCKY
GUNKY

Mice

Hanging Out

Let Me Talk To A Manager

The waitress asked .

"So what can I get you ?"

"I'd really like a piece of ass ."

"Want fries with that?"

" Why yes I would and how bout a jack and coke as well ?"

The waitress wrote it down and straddled me as the good times began.
Afterwards she told me we were all out of ice .

"Oh well you can't have it all."
She looked at me and said .

"Well I got to go, or I'm going to be late for work sweetie ."

She was working at the Galaxy diner off of high street in downtown Portsmouth.

She certainly gave service with a smile.
Sometimes I wonder why she never was employee of the month .

Course I don't think working in my kitchen paid much.
But I always gave her a tip.

Avoid poets at all costs .

Words of wisdom weren't always within the confines of fortune cookies.

- john patrick robbins

葉

木

水

Hi-Fidelity

Queen

Dreams

Of Excellent Kitchens

無

Basting

Hard

Cabbages

Fiery Arena

How many women do you think will be yours like temporary tattoos?

Fast food with special seasoning to satisfy your massive appetite for one night. No matter how many times you try to fill yourself up, you can never get enough. Expiration dates need to be replaced again and again and the truth is

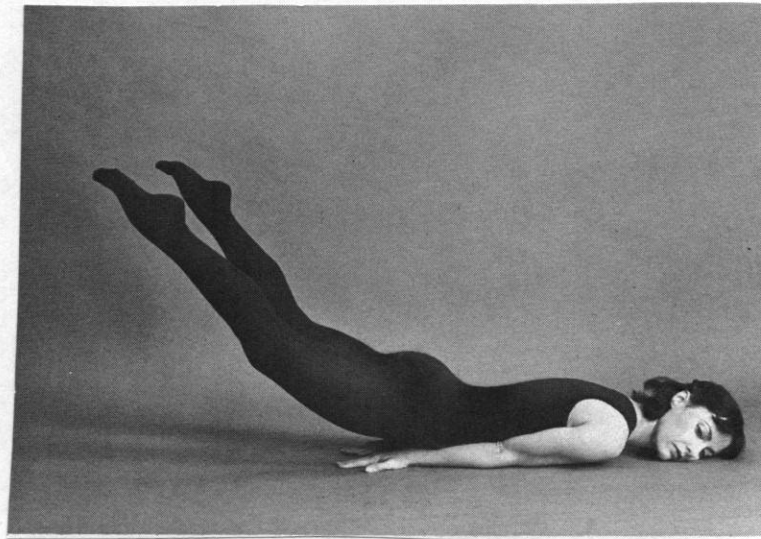
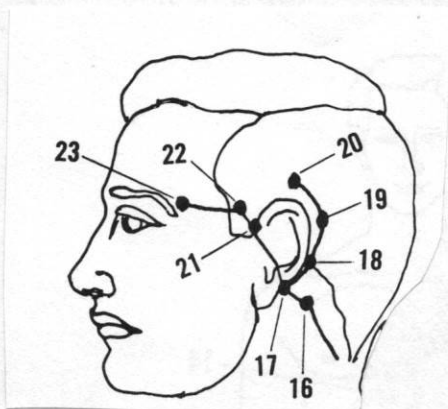
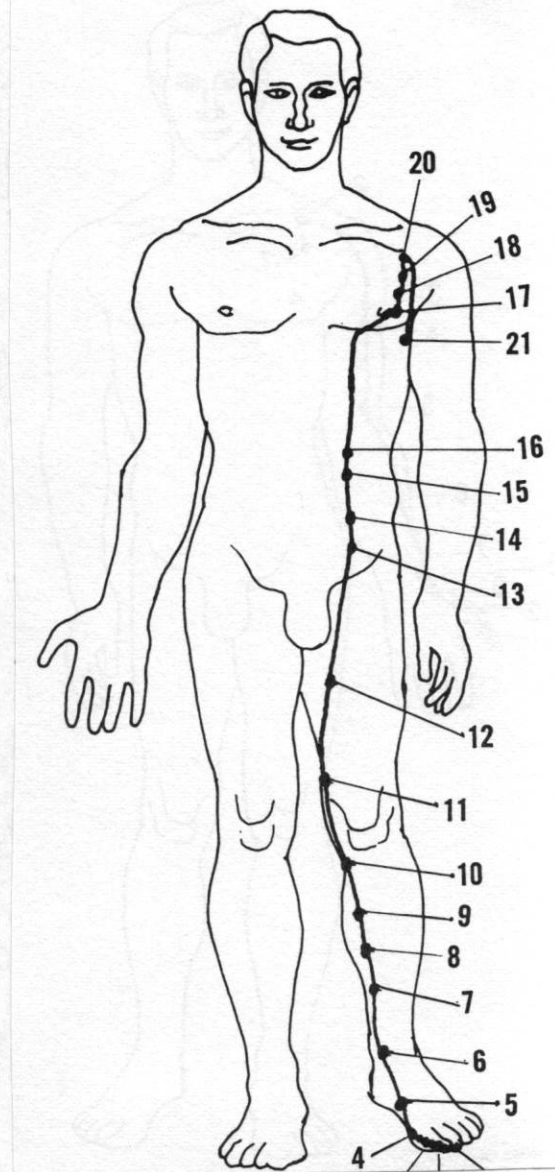
you don't care how many women you lie to. You don't care how many women you screw, as long as the numbers keep rising.

She asked for it by stirring a spoon around a cup of coffee, insinuating she desired to be drained down by you.

Their feelings afterwards are their own fault. They appeal to you for a little while, then start dripping like rancid fruit bats.

What it boils down to is that you win as long as your numerical list of bodies keeps expanding into more names that you can check mark then cross off. Burn their fiery tongues into ashes, ashes.

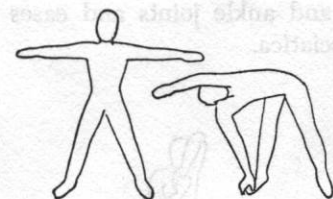
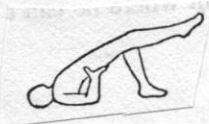
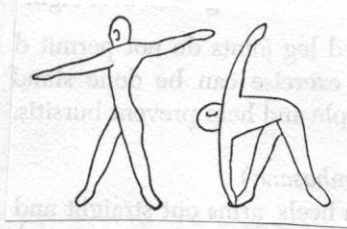
- juliet cook



Step Right Up

Hindenburg
 Titanic
 Jack the Ripper
 Ebola AIDS
 cancer Covid-19 ALS
 straight razor in the bathtub
 razor blades in apples
 poison candy poison intent poison mind
 bullet to the head bullet to the back
 bullet to the neck bullet to the heart
 bullet with your name on it
 bad air bad food bad water
 cigars cigarettes Tiparillos
 hidden burns shameful cuts
 decades in a bad job
 bad marriage
 World Trade Center Pentagon
 police officers with their hate
 dead liver dead prostate dead lungs
 no home but inside the skull
 no home but the tiny room
 no home but the street
 no home but regret
 heart attack diabetes stroke
 degenerative disease all kinds
 bone rot brain rot life rot
 the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire
 fires in movie theaters
 trailer park tornadoes
 mass shootings wherever you like
 strangers who follow you home
 clowns who eat little boys
 little boys who eat acquaintances
 women who can no longer cope
 the school bus in the river
 gas leaks stalkers surveillance
 wrong turn at the wrong time
 failure to turn failure to notice
 failure to care failure to try
 Hindenburg
 Titanic
 Jack the Ripper
 pick your ticket
 choose your ride

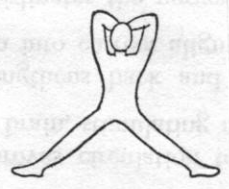
- jeff weddle



Linear Time

I captured the spider to swallow
 its web.
 Soft tickle in my stomach.
 White noise in my head.

Kevin M. Hibshman



Possession

Cranial invasions.
 I play unwitting host to sudden guests
 most unwelcome.
 I never agreed to this mad captivity.
 Have you gotten what you came for?
 Not sure who I will be when they decide to leave but
 I'm bolting the goddamn door.
 Getting out now while my body still belongs to me.

Kevin M. Hibshman



Candy Lies

Your distended tongue thick with
 sticky deceptions.
 Deadly-sweet saliva rolling off like a toddler
 stuck to a lollipop.
 Ripe with infectious confections,
 That appendage will become gangrenous.
 Should be amputated swiftly.

Kevin M. Hibshman



on becoming a leaf

i'll let the filth of you
cling to me like mama said to,

never stopping to ask the trees
how love's bite, from destiny, should fall,

after all, she urged me to pray
for the must of a great man,

the kind that, in passion and plague,
should keep us well-insane

as sure as fire and earth,
upturning promises, through time,

rustling for the breath of salacious stories
that, like fresh blood,

will one day
drip freely from children's mouths,

the rhyme of dirt, kept dutifully unkempt,
under maternal, elder claws,

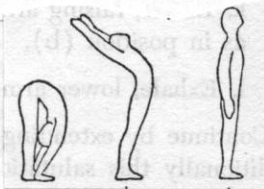
scratching at dominions of divinity, untamed.

- eliana vannessa



FREEDOM & WHISKEY

We toast to yet
Another day another
Autumn morning
And we rise
With whiskey



And end the day
Go to
Sleep the
Same way

We shall
Fight

It's hard to
Live in
These times

Kill
If needed
If necessary

Struggling to
Keep our freedom
Free

Or die
Before we
Surrender

Trying to
Stand up
Against the
Reverse of
Evolution

To the
Mad king
Made of shit



- r.m. engelhardt

Tyrants
& Small
Greedy men

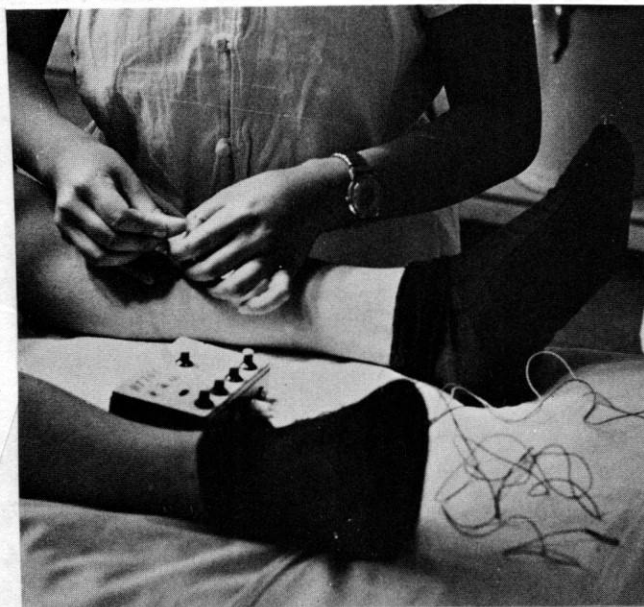
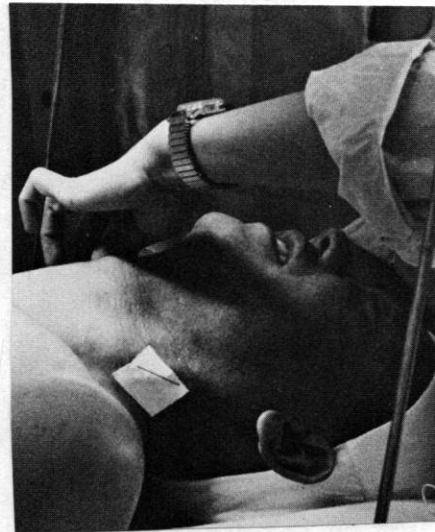
We all wait
For a sign
A signal

All true Americans
The real ones
Hoping that somehow
Our lady liberty
Will put the bastard
In chains

Or in
A chair

Before he takes
The world
Into hell
In his wake

And all of
Us along with
Him



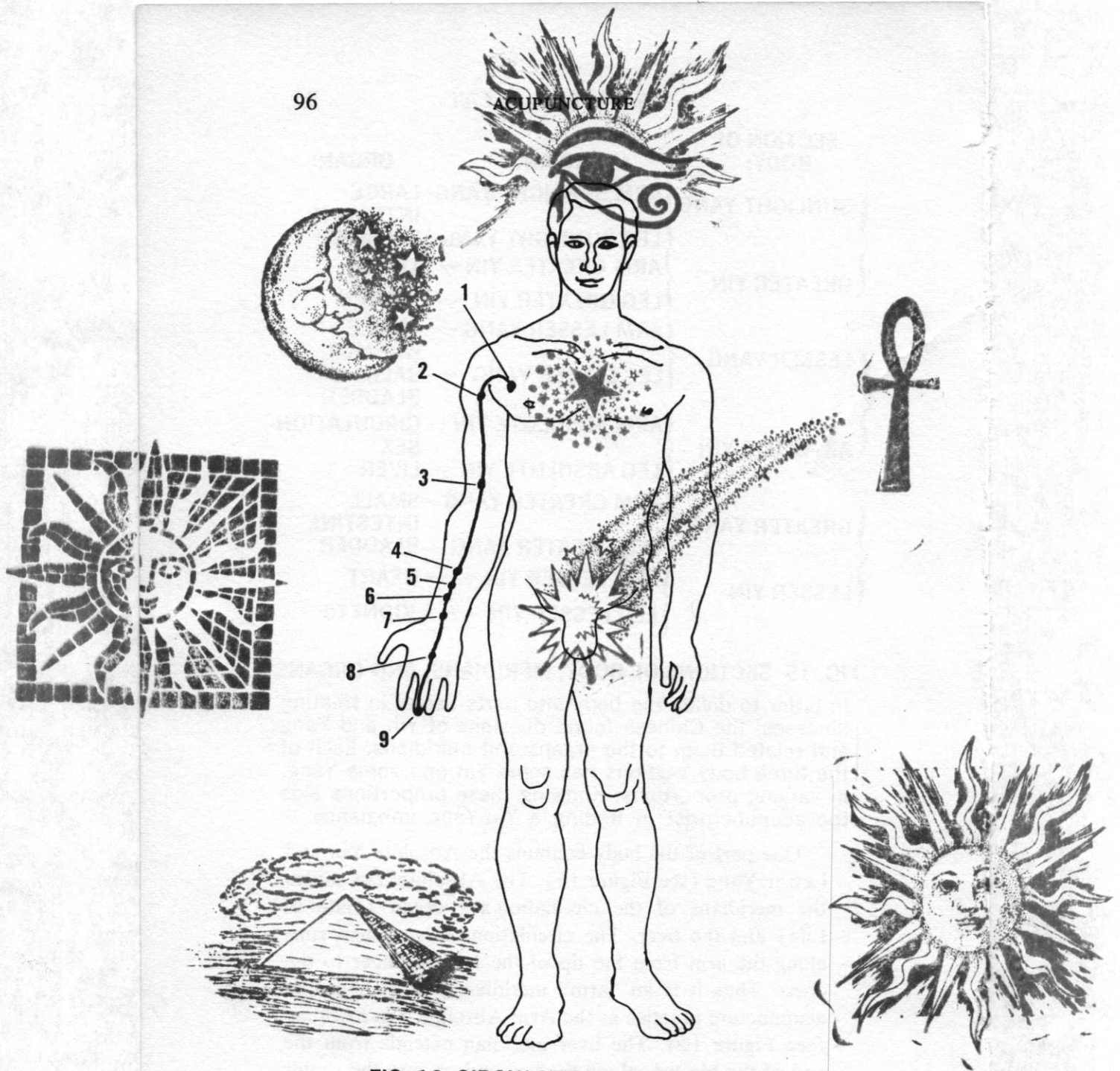


FIG. 16 CIRCULATION—SEX MERIDIAN

90 6786
OLLIE'S
THEIR PRICE
OUR PRICE
\$5.99